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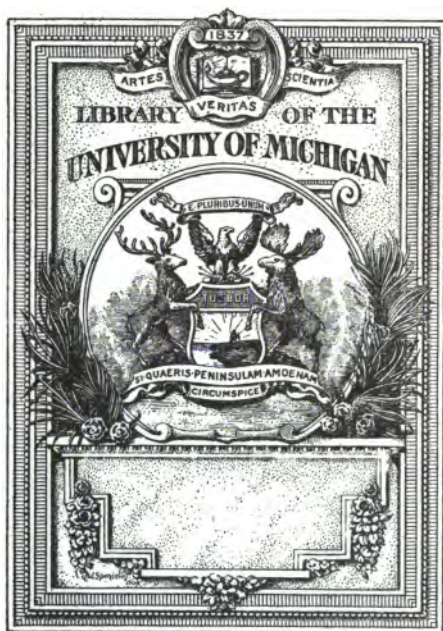
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IN UNKNOWN SEAS



IN UNKNOWN SEAS
A POEM
WRITTEN BY
GEORGE HORTON
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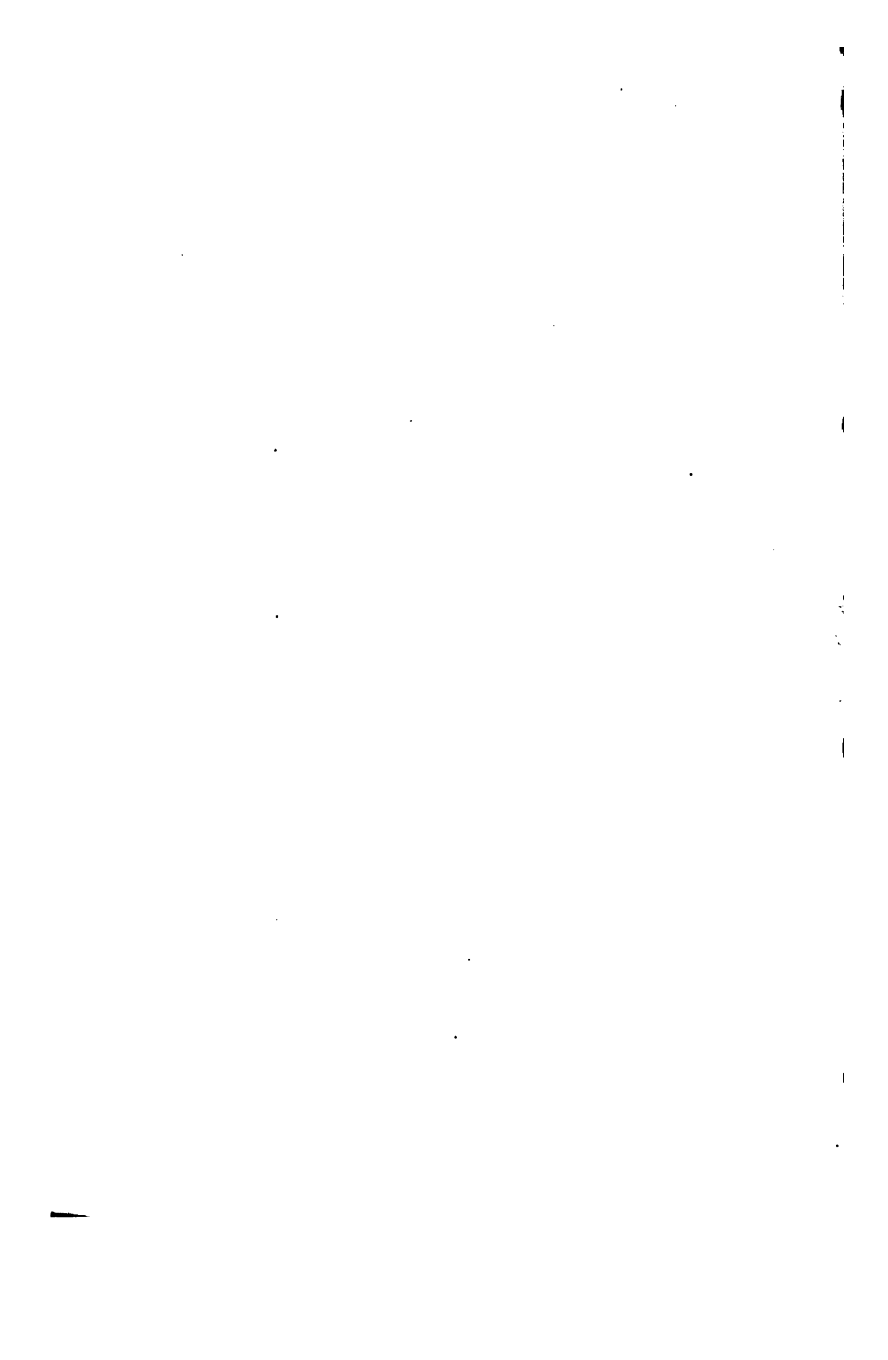
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TO
H. W. SEYMOUR
OF CHICAGO

UNWORTHY OF THY HEART, MY FRIEND,
ARE THESE POOR LINES THAT I HAVE PENNED;
AND SO I DEDICATE TO THEE
THE NOBLER SONG I FELT IN ME.

recat. 2-20-52 MFP

IN UNKNOWN SEAS





WHEN this light darkens, and a light comes
after,
Who would not fare afar to unknown seas ?
Oh, many a bark, with perfect winds to waft
her,
Flits on and on to strangest destinies,
And there is heard for aye the wave's low
laughter,
And music dying on each dying breeze.

¶ And when there comes, with far-off mellow
singing,
To any quiet bay a little ship,
Dryads appear, a beckoned welcome bringing,
As down the beach in sinuous line they trip,
With mist-like robes about them loosely clinging,
And glossy locks that o'er sleek shoulders slip.

¶ Art not a-weary of this sordid scheming,
And of a world whose constant care is gain ?
Lo ! merchant sails on all our seas are gleaming,



And all about us clanks the toiler's chain ;
But in those regions life itself is dreaming,
And prudent thoughts are held in high disdain.

¶ And we shall know when we at length are
drifted
Into the glory of those golden seas,
For subtle peace is there from heaven sifted,
And balm is shaken from each wing-like breeze,
And clouds are by a sweeter azure rifted
Than any blue that broods in skies like these.

IF we shall come by day, the long, faint traces,
Crescent or straight, will grow from out
the sky,
Of island mountains, at whose sylvan bases
The pleasant valleys of that country lie ;
And all about us saucy mermaid faces
In mirrored waves will image, faint, and die.

AND if by night, we shall go gently gliding
A-down the moon-trail, never laid on land,
Until we hear the waters' measured sliding
Upon the whiteness of the sloping strand,
And laugh of lovers in green arbors hiding,
While grinds our prow upon the shelly sand.



THE MOON-TRAIL.

THE moon-trail shineth across the sea,
And stretcheth off to a far countree
In the realms of the old romantic moon,
Where evening is morning, and midnight noon!
Then lovers away on the bright moon-
trail,
Each happy two with a tiny sail,
In a silver waste with stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

¶ The great kind moon like a sphere of light
Swings down to the rim of the sea each night,
Finding ever some bark with a happy crew,
Bringing all the world though it brings but two.
Then lovers away on the bright moon-
trail;
Soft breezes are sighing to fill your sail;
There are stars beneath and stars above,
And nothing to do but love and love.

¶ The moon-trail lighteth the sea of life
For lover and maiden, lover and wife,
And it's joy to sail down its shimmery way,
Just two together, forever and aye.

Then lovers away on the bright moon-
trail,
Each happy twain with a tiny sail,
For there's naught so sweet in heaven
above
Or the earth beneath as to love and love.

¶ BUT me it pleases most to come a-creeping
Up the round world from darkness left
behind,
Into a region where the Dawn is sweeping
O'er rippling waves, in rosy shell reclined,
While snouted dolphins leap for love of leaping,
And sea-gulls rock and tumble in the wind.

¶ Ah, long ago it was, at early morning,
That El Dorado stretched her arms to me ;
The level sun, the Golden Gate adorning,
Turned gray old rocks to piles of porphyry,
And outward swarmed, as though in hostile
warning,
The white-plumed Phrygian helmets of the sea.

CALIFORNIA.

VINE land and pine land afar by the West,
Wine land and shine land by all blessings
blest,
Benign land, divine land, that God loveth best !

¶ France it is dreams on thy slopes where she lies,
Italy beams from thy languorous skies,
Gleams there and streams on the world's
Paradise!

¶ Land which the grand old Sierras o'erfrown,
Stern and eterne as a Titan-built town,
Marred and Jove-scarred and yet not battered
down.

¶ Giants they seem of the old fabled races,
Wearing the dream of the Sphinx on their faces,
Lifting its theme from all thought that debases.

¶ Foams o'er thy homes in a deluge the rose;
Red in thy meadows the wild poppy grows;
Balm from the calm of thy summer sea blows.

¶ Oh, now to dwell where the oranges bloom;
Oh, now to smell their enchanting perfume;
Under its spell to look back on this gloom!

¶ Oh, there to go where the oranges shine,
Seen through the green of the trees all a-line,
Gold that is rolled around honey and wine.

¶ Land of lives drunken on sea-wind and sun,
Passions unshrunk by chill skies and dun,
Love seldom sunken that gold may be won!

¶ Hum till I come to you, wild honey bees !
Bide till I hide in you, bloom-billowed seas !
Save but a cave for me, Hesperides !

ONE morn in fervid youth I came a-sailing
Unto a heaven habited by man ;
Oh, I remember how, ere night was failing,
Unto the vessel's pointed prow I ran,
And watched until the darkness fell, unveiling
The lazy lusciousness of Yucatan ;

¶ A land where spring is decked with summer
roses,
And ceaselessly sweet autumn's nectar drips ;
Where blooms the orange, while each rift dis-
closes
The ripened globes all ready for the lips
Of Indian girls who loll in languid poses,
Voluptuous bosomed and with swelling hips.

¶ Some eve, perhaps, a little winged rover,
Some land bird, fainting from too far a flight,
May circle round our bark and flutter over,

To perch upon the mast when wearied quite ;
Then may we dream of fields of honeyed clover,
Of lowing kine and orchards bloomy white.

SUNRISE UPON THE OCEAN.

SUNRISE upon the ocean ! vision splendid,
Lifting the soul from dust and doubt and
time !

Who sees it once must feel his earth-hood ended ;
If soul he has, it then begins to climb,
And from that moment all his life is blended
With beauty's essence and with joy sublime.

¶ The stars grow brighter just ere night has faded
Among her revellers at dawn of day ;
How oft, O queen, my soul with fear attainted,
Have I besought thee, and thou wouldst not say,
Who dipped his brush in nameless suns and
painted
Upon thy dreadful dome the milky way !

¶ Then suddenly, at some celestial warning,
Night gathers all her jewels up in fear,
Save one rare brilliant, which impatient morn-
ing,
Who in the darkness standeth dimly near,
Hangs at her throat, content with such adorning,
So large it is, so liquid and so clear.

¶ The leaden world to silver slowly brightens ;
The early breeze is blowing fresh and free ;
Gayly our shallop skims the wave and frightens
Bevies of flying fish, that, flashing, flee, —
A cloud of darting grasshoppers that whitens
The shining meadows of the argent sea.

¶ Behold the east, where morn has scattered roses
And irises at the appointed hour,
And, lo ! the god his sudden face exposes,
Intolerable sign of life and power ;
He comes, and in his warmth the world uncloses
And opes its petals like a perfect flower !

WE REACH THE UNKNOWN SEAS,

SO it is morn, and near us lifts uprightly
A walling cliff, severe with shadowy
frown,
While straight ahead a liquid lane leads brightly
’Twixt olive orchards sloping steeply down,
And farther on a pleasant street shines whitely,
And cuts in twain a little island town.

¶ For I love not the city with its rattle
Of carriage wheels and roar of frequent van,
Where life is madness, or a sordid battle,

That, won or lost, contracts the soul of man ;
Give me the town, with hills of distant cattle,
And grassy streets frequented oft by Pan.

¶ Ah me, the village maids whose bashful glances
Thrilled me to madness ere my teens had fled !
Ah me, the careless days, the sweet romances,
The fairy light on all the future shed,
Ere I had seen the world, and found my fancies
Dew that is vanished from a flower that 's dead !

WHERE NO OLD ABIDE.

O H, I would have no old and hoary sages
In any land where I must dwell for aye,
Whose faces all are yellow parchment pages,
Where grief and guile have wrought for many
a day ;
But youth, glad youth, through all the buoyant
ages, —
Youth followed not by spectre of decay.

¶ Youth is a mask, with features fair and florid,
Worn during carnival, a careless week ;
Soft tresses curl about the snowy forehead,
Sweet dimples in the roses hide and seek.
Age is the skull-face, hid in frolic horrid
'Neath reddest lip and most enticing cheek.

LET US BE YOUNG.

OH, heart of me, let us be young
Another merry year ;
For there are songs that must be sung,
And maidens yet are dear.

¶ If old age hobbles down the way,
All wrinkled, bent, and hoar,
Let 's scoff at him, and cry him nay,
And flout him from the door.

¶ For sure he is no genial wight,
Whose presence pleasure brings ;
He frowns on love and laughter light,
And talks of sober things.

¶ Oh, heart of me, let us be young
Another year so fleet ;
For there are songs that must be sung,
And dreaming still is sweet.

THERE ARE FOUND THE WORLD'S IDEALS OF
HUMAN BEAUTY :

SO let us dream that every fair ideal,
Incarnate once, has taken form again,
To glad the hearts of beauty-lovers leal,
Who own no other queen in sky or glen ;
For all perfections have existence real,
And cannot 'scape the searching souls of men.

HELEN OF TROY,

THE witchery of Helen is undying ;
Her charms e'en yet the longing soul
enslave
With the same spell that brought young Paris
flying
With sea-gull sails across the Grecian wave, —
The glory she of seven cities lying
Together in the ruin of one grave.

¶ The world went mad for Helen ; strife and
slaughter
Were kindled by the lustre of her eyes.
When she was rapt away, a nation sought her,
Warring great epics under foreign skies ;
Until from out the smoke of Troy they brought
her,
Swarming to sea with babel of hoarse cries.

URIAH'S WIFE,

SO rare a witch enthralled the sweet musician,
That king of Jewry, saint, and bard
sublime.

What then to him were saws and sacred mission,
And righteousness, most fervent of his time ?
He saw, and fondly seized the sweet perdition,
Soiling his soul with treachery and crime.

¶ Uriah's wife ! how oft thy black eyes flash on
The student priest from out the sacred lines.
Then fades the page, while fancy strives to
fashion

A glorious picture 'mid Judean vines :
A matron form, the ripe, rich fruit of passion,
And olive cheeks wherein the red blood shines.

ESTHER,

AND she, that other Jewess, softly slender,
Who in the cruel presence dared to stand
With nothing save her beauty to defend her,
No other aid in all the heathen land ;
Yet when she raised her eyes, so shy and tender,
A kingdom dropped into her little hand.

¶ Exquisite Esther ! why so humbly kneeling ?
Why in the dust thy queenly head abase ?

Now by the sweet intoxication stealing
From so much loveliness and matchless grace,
Behold the lifted wand, thy sway revealing, —
One kiss is worth the ransom of a race.

PHRYNE,

SUCH power, too, had Phryne when surrounded
By graybeard judges, bigoted and chill ;
At sudden gleaming of her flesh they bounded
Youth-like erect, their shrivelled hearts athrill,
“Not guilty !” crying, with a voice that sounded
So loud and full, we hear it echo still.

¶ Ah, Phidias ! thou couldst carve a goddess
splendid

In curves diviner than we moderns know,
Whose shining spear the sacred hill defended,
Or cheered the sailor, homeward toiling slow ;
But there, alas ! the deft creation ended, —
Behold a fairer dream, with life aglow !

ROWENA,

AND let us not forget, where'er we wander,
To seek for sweet Rowena, Henghist's
child ;

She was of larger mould than these, and blonder,

With sky-blue eyes, wherein deep summer
 smiled,
And with a Northern heart, more true and
 fonder
Than those which throb in tropic bosoms wild.

¶ O'er sturdy Vortigern she leans, and, blushing,
She presses to his mouth her ruddy lips ;
One moment like a child the chief is flushing,
And trembling to his hairy finger-tips,
Then feels a sudden madness through him
 rushing,
While close and long the dewy bliss he sips.

BEATRICE,

AND there was Beatrice, who so enchanted
 The sad, majestic, awful Florentine,
That all his lonely life her vision haunted,
Soothing the splendid demon of his spleen ;
'T was she to Paradise his bay transplanted,
She wooed him there with radiant smile serene.

¶ No faith have I in muse poetic dwelling
In chilly skies amid the sacred nine ;
The sweetest verse is that most fondly telling
Of maiden charms too dear to be divine,
Of reddened cheeks and bosoms softly swelling,
Of honeyed vows and eyes that shyly shine.

LAURA, HIGHLAND MARY,

EACH lover is a poet visionary —
If all were writ, what volumes there
would be!

Laura was Petrarch's goddess ; highland Mary
Will live in song while Afton seeks the sea,
And Horace sings, howe'er his fortunes vary,
The praise of sweetly laughing Lalage.

LALAGE.

THERE'S a dimple appears when my
Lalage laughs,
Just before the release of her lips,
As if Cupid stood by and would naughtily try
Her cheek with his fat finger-tips.

¶ Then all of a sudden a rill of delight
Ripples off in the light of her eyes,
And her little teeth gleam like the shells in a
stream
That fair in the summer sun lies.

¶ You may take me afar to the desolate North,
Or South where the hot deserts be,
I will sing all the while of the beautiful smile
And the voice of my fair Lalage!

THERE ALSO ARE HEARD AGAIN VOICES THAT
WE MISS;

✓ I KNOW not which we miss the most: the
faces
That made the world seem home, they were
so dear,
The earnest hand-shake and the mystic graces
Of fellowship that brought two spirits near,
Or voices once that filled the silent places
Within our hearts with revelry and cheer.

¶ For there are echoes which can never wholly
Fade into naught and perfect stillness keep,
More sad than beckonings from shore, when
slowly,
With cautious stride, some great ship tries the
deep,
And fainter far than lullabies sung lowly
To one who knows not if he wake or sleep.

AND BEAUTIFUL VOICES THAT HAVE CHARMED
ALL THE WORLD:

AND what of them, those tones delicious
granted
In other days to ravished human ears?
Gone like the singing that the soul, enchanted

By Slumber's poppied sceptre, often hears, —
Rare fantasies by which all time is haunted,
Imaginings that move almost to tears.

¶ Oh, some were softer than a maid's just
plighted,
Confessing love to one with passion mad ;
Some, but to hear them, sweetest grief incited,
Soul music than the poet's lyre more sad ;
And others like a sudden joy delighted,
Sunshine of sound, such genial spell they had.

¶ Of all the lovely gifts to mortals given,
None fade from earth like glorious voices do.
Each is as brief as though a wild wind-driven
Seabird should whistle to a vessel's crew,
And then should drift deep into depths untriven
Of seething seas and all-enfolding blue.

TOM MOORE, SINGING HIS OWN SONGS,

O H, play no more those Irish airs, though
feater
No touch than thine in Arcady is found ;
No more to-night with warp of wailing metre
And purest threads of gold and silver sound
Weave witchery of song, for it is sweeter
To dream of one who lies in Irish ground.

¶ For while the echoes in my soul are sobbing
Like dying waves upon a lonely shore,
And while shy night the summer rose is
robbing
To waft its perfume through the open door,
I seem to hear the harp of Erin throbbing,
And some rare ballad lilted by Tom Moore.

SAPPHO,

THEN further flies my fancy, whither
whist on
The Ægean sleep the evening breezes fair ;
A small dark woman sings, with eyes that
glisten
More brightly than her garland-plaited hair,
To other maids that, seated round her, listen
To hymns of love, its triumph and despair.

¶ "For love is sweet," she sighs, her sad eyes
raising,
The while her fingers softly sweep the strings ;
"Nay, love is bitter, for what grief amazing,
What sleepless nights and doleful days it
brings, —
Yea, bitter-sweet," — and with such perfect
praising
A matchless song down all the years she
wings.

¶ For this is she who in the twilight hushes
Of lyric art made poesy her choice,
And decked her brow with the Pierian blushes
Of blooms wherein the deathless gods rejoice,
And never any dawn the sea that flushes
Shall lack the lonely beauty of her voice.

¶ Oh, lovely scene! The lolling wings are sifting
The air with perfume that the bees unlock;
The sea is near, and through each flowery
rifting
The twinkling waves innumerable flock,
While far away, in shadow whitely drifting,
A little sail seems painted on a rock.

¶ Majestic hills, whose lofty inspiration
Broods o'er the soul until it upward springs;
A languid clime, where passion's exaltation
Like wine the blood to lyric frenzy stings;
And boundless seas that tempt imagination
Afar from shore to try her petrel wings.

¶ This is the Isle of Beauty : if Apollo
Shake morning sea-dew from his shining hair,
Or if at noon in grove or grassy hollow
The sweet hours languish indolently fair,
Or if at eve chameleon changes follow
In waves more bright than those of other-
where.

¶ And oh, the nights ! with what a look of wonder
Above the hills the moon reveals her face,
Surprised to find, her own realm stretching
under,
The level seas' illimitable grace,
Or seems to pause mid-sky to list the thunder
Of waves against some headland's gloomy base.

¶ This was the home of Sappho, the dawn-
bringer
Of lyric splendor brighter than its day ;
Eos of passion poesy ; word-winger
Of sighs that linger in the world for aye ;
Tenth Muse, and best of all, the woman singer
Whose roses last while nations fade away.

¶ Somewhere, 'mid time's unsifted ashes hidden,
The Lesbian's lines like deathless embers glow :
Perchance some maid of Asia Minor, chidden
By Christian priest, concealed them long ago ;
Perhaps the Sphinx may give them up unbidden
From tomb of Pharoah's daughter, lying low.

¶ Howe'er that be, there is an island sapphic,
That ne'er was touched by human caravels,
Whose seas, unwhitened by the sails of traffic,
Bring lotus-eaters on their summer swells ;
And there, full-famed of all her songs seraphic,
Rose-loving, violet-weaving Sappho dwells.

ERYNNA.

AND you shall say if young Erynnæ pleases
More while she plays the simple maiden's
part,
Than when, inspired, the ancient lyre she
seizes,
And sweeps it o'er with most delicious art,
What time her voice, like sigh of softest
breezes,
Makes music on the harpstrings of the heart.

THE music of thy name shall vanish never,
Oh, dear girl poet, dead so long ago ;
Erynnæ, lovely word, that lives forever,
Gem-like, amid the ages' melting snow, —
The fairest sign of incomplete endeavor,
Of songs unsung, more sweet than those we
know.

¶ And there was he, the only modern Grecian
Whose lines like rills of Hybla honey run ;
Shall we not see, redeemed from death's dele-
tion,
The garlands that his manhood must have
won,
And e'en peruse, in all its high completion,
The gloomy splendor of Hyperion ?

¶ What wrought upon the earth its epoch golden
Of beauty worship, longingly intense ?
The skies of Greece, her seas each day beholden,
 Wooing the soul with ceaseless influence,
The mystic sigh of winds in forests olden,
Her hillsides wrapped in violet indolence.

O H, where are they, those matchless marble
creatures
That made a forest in the Parthenon ?
Delicious shapes, whose fragments are the
teachers
Of all in art the soul may feed upon,
Exquisite bodies, rapt, immortal features, —
Into what realm beyond us are they gone ?

SCULPTURE

THERE was a mighty city, long ago,
That lived a thousand years of pride
and power.
From marble gates its locust armies swarmed
To pour on fertile countries far away,
Or thence returned, with treasures rare and
strange :
Slaves for the fields, swart women for the chiefs,
And golden gewgawry of unknown gods.

¶ Its merchant vessels whitened every sea,
And daring evermore the dim unknown
Pushed wider out the world's encircling rim.

¶ Its marble temples gleamed on many hills,
Where stately priests on pillared porticos,
Or safe enshrined from eye profane, rehearsed
The sacred mysteries of their ancient cult.

¶ And in that city lords and princes dwelt,
Son following father in unbroken line
In old ancestral piles that firmer seemed
Than granite hills coeval with the world.

¶ There poets wrote, whose long renown be-
came
Symbolical of all that lives in man,
And orators from forum or from rock
With speech tempestuous blew the world
afoam.

¶ And yet that city sank from sight as sinks
A wounded ship into the secret sea ;
Died even as a man, and found its grave
Beneath the desolate and shifting sand,
And over it the phantom ages stole
In long procession, voiceless and unmarked.



¶ Unknown that city's history ; its creeds,
Its mighty deeds of war, its tales of love,
Of high ambition and of finished craft,
Are interfused among the shapeless years.

¶ But now from out the silence of its tomb
Some witless peasant, rummaging, has dug
A bit of carven immortality ;
We look upon its matchless curves, and, lo !
The piles and temples of the past arise
Like visions of mirage from desert sands.

IMAGES BEYOND MORTAL SKILL SHALL TAKE
SHAPE.

AND there are visions of the poet's dream-
ing,
Uncarven sculpture of the peopled brain,
Whose rosy limbs, with health immortal
gleaming,
Have ne'er enwrapped in spotless marble lain ;
Such glowing shapes, of such ambrosial seem-
ing,
The slow uncovering chisel seeks in vain.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

HOW sweet it is, at morning's opening
hour,
To lie upon an island slope's incline,
Sweeping the level sea from out a bower
Of olive-boughs or fragrant mountain-pine.
At such a time did Aphrodite flower
Dew-sparkling in the garden of the brine.

¶ Her flesh was white as ocean foam, and tinted
With the same pink that flushes in a shell ;
The beauty of her hair in flood unstinted
Warmly about her sloping shoulders fell ;
Her eyes with glory of the morning glinted,
Her bosom like a billow rose and fell.

¶ When first the blue with glowing form she
rifted,
She looked about with innocent surprise,
And when upon her head the white doves
drifted,
Like flakes of snow from depths of summer
skies,
She fondled them, her lovely arms uplifted,
Laughing the while with sea-blue sunny eyes.

¶ The lavish waters and the sky bestowing
Their daintiest gifts had made her passing sweet,

And as the foam, from off her nudeness flowing,
Dropped like a garment to her graceful feet,
The world grew hush, as one who sees his
glowing
Young bride arise at morn from snowy sheet.

ENDYMION.

AND sweet it is for maiden and for lover,
Moon worshipping, to walk alone at
night,
Watching the solemn mountain wall where
hover
Faint misty flushes of prophetic light,
Eager to know which earlier shall discover
A sudden thread of gold above the height.

¶ Anon the stately Queen her walk has started
In skyey meads with starry dew bestrown;
How easy then to fancy mystic-hearted
Endymion tiptoe on a peak alone,
Looking upon her face with lips half-parted,
And hair about his pallid cheeks wind-blown.

ALAS, alas! the shapely youth is sleeping
In lovely languor by the Latmian Hill;

No fervid kiss, no fingers lightly creeping
About his flesh can ever make him thrill ;
And though a goddess for his love is weeping,
Yet doth he softly breathe and lieth still.

¶ She creeps about him, bedding him in roses,
Trailing cool tresses o'er him where he lies ;
Her rifting robe her snowy breast exposes,
O'erhanging fruit too fair for sleeping eyes ;
She holds him tight in long despairing closes,
And all the wood is sweetened with her sighs.

ARTEMIS AND THE SLEEPING EN- DYMION.

DEAR mortal Love, divinely fair,
I kiss thy mouth, thy neck, thy hair ;
With kisses that should thrill the dead,
I woo thee on thy flowery bed,
Endymion ! Endymion !

¶ O honey of the budding lips,
Whereon the bee mistaken sips ;
O velvet neck, befitting place
Wherein a goddess hides her face,
Endymion ! Endymion !

¶ I feel thy bosom fall and rise
In sleepy rhythm of slumbrous sighs,
But never any soft caress
Gives thee a heart-throb more or less,
Endymion! Endymion!

¶ Oh, pink-white Love, if thou couldst hear
The things I whisper in thine ear!
I whisper close, then search in vain
Thy face for any tell-tale stain,
Endymion! Endymion!

¶ Nor do thy lids one tremor show,
When, in abandonment of woe,
I shout to wake thee from this spell
Thy name that chimeth like a bell,
Endymion! Endymion!

¶ Oh, would I were a shepherd maid
Plied by my lover in the shade!
One June should hold the fulness of
An immortality of love!
Endymion! Endymion!

THE SEA.

AH me ! and so at times we fall a-musing,
Until our spirits steal away and flee
To regions of their own untrammelled choos-
ing,
Where wildest hopes and strangest memories be ;
Such mood have I most often when perusing
The antique wrinkled parchment of the sea.

¶ I deem there is no quiet joy intenser
Than being on a summer sea at night,
When slides the moon from out the wave,
dispenser
Of mild refulgence, mystically bright ;
Or when she swings on high a silver censer
That fills the world with dim perfume of light.

¶ I oft go down at night to hear Queen Ocean
Whisper sweet secrets to the gray old sphere,
The while he slumbers, sure of her devotion,
Feeling her white arms hold him very near ;
And if the winds among her robes make motion,
Their silken rustle on the sand I hear.

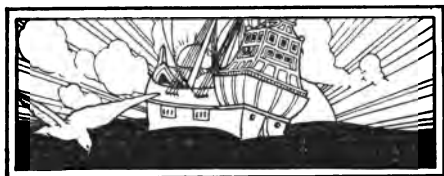
¶ As soon as Night her vigil has forsaken,
And flown into the wild, unstoried West,

I love to watch the radiant sea awaken,
Breathing Ceylon and Araby the blest ;
And when the Sun his first rude kiss has taken,
Blushing and dimpling as becomes her best.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THIS home is on a pleasant bay, surrounded
By circling hills, fantastical and hoar ;
We know the little towns our fathers founded,
We know each palm and olive on the shore.
Beyond the strait the open gleams unbounded,
Its waters croon and whistle evermore.

¶ When I no more have keenest joy in smelling
The new-mown hay upon the level lea,
When maids no longer set my heart a-welling,
And rising moons a transport cease to be,
Oh, let me feel beneath me strongly swelling
The heaving bosom of the naked sea !



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